2 T

ON THE

DEATH

Of the Right Honorable the Duke of

ORMOND:

A

Pindarique ODE.

BY

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Nunquam Stygias fertur ad undas
Inclyta Virtus. ---Vivite fortes!
Nec Lethæos ſæva per amnes
Vos fata trahent; ſed cum ſummas
Exiget horas conſumpta Dies,
Iter ad ſuperos Gloria pandet.

Sen. Herc. Oet.

LONDON:

Printed for *Benj. Tooke.* 1688.

15. Aug.

ON THE

DEATH

Of His GRACE,

JAMES,

DUKE of

ORMOND:

A

Pindarique ODE.

August: 8: 1688

STANZA I.

HAD not the deathleſs name of Ossory
Pow'r to Preſerve, as well as to Create,
And over-rule the dulneſs of my Fate,
A Pen ſo meanly qualifi'd as mine
Might well this mighty Task decline,
Too ponderous for feeble Me,
Me ſo obſcure, my glorious Theme ſo bright,
Where all is overpowring Light
Which never can ſubmit to Night.

But

But ſenſe of deepeſt Gratitude ſhould comptrol
All the deſpondencies of a trembling Soul,
And force a modeſt confidence to inſpire
The coldeſt Breaſt with an uncommon fire.
Since then, for ought we know
The ſeparated happy Spirits above
Sometimes regard our pious love,
And are not much diſturb'd at what we kindly doe:
Let ORMOND's gentle Ghoſt look down
Full of kind compaſſion,
And pity what my Duty prompts me to,
Fain would I pay my Tribute ever due
To his immortal Memory:
But what immortal methods to purſue,
Is underſtood by very few;
The nobleſt Bard that ever wore the Bays
Would here fall ſhort in Sorrow, and in Praiſe.

II.

Our ſtock of Tears would ſoon exhauſted be
Were every Eye a Sea,
And Grief ſhould ſwell to Prodigality;
Th' irreparable Loſs, if duly weigh'd,
Would make Poſterity affraid,
For ORMOND in his radiant courſe has done,
What did amaze, what durſt abide the Sun,
And ſtruck with Terror all the enviouſs lookers on:
Whether with extaſie we think upon
His goodly Perſon, or his matchleſs Mind,
Where ſhall the moſt inquiſitive mortal find
A more accompliſh'd Hero left behind?
As he were ſent from Heaven, deſign'dly Great,
To dote on ſtill, but not preſume to imitate:
Or whether with regret we caſt an Eye
On his unbounded Liberality,
His unaffected Piety,
Or more than Human Magnanimity
(Vertues inimitable all)

The

The joyful Beadſman, and the Church will tell
The Story, ſcarce hereafter credible,
And call his Life one long continu'd Miracle.

III.

Say, all you younger Sons of Honor, ſay,
You that in peace appear ſo brisk, and gay,
Is it a little thing to forfeit All
At Loyalties tremendous Call?
And ſtand with reſolution in defence
Of a deſpis'd calamitous Prince,
To fight againſt our Stars, and to defie
The laſt efforts of proſperous Villany,
And when the Hurricane of the State grew high,
To brave the Thunder, and the Lightning ſcorn,
The beauteous Fabrick into pieces torn;
Impriſonment, and Exile to diſdain
For a neglected Sovereign?
Still to eſpouſe a crazy tottering Crown.
This mighty ORMOND was thy Own,
This Glory thou deſerv'dſt to have,
This bravery thou haſt carried with thee to thy Grave.
Let other leſſer Great ones live, to try
Thy arduous paths to Fame,
Let them bid fair for Immortality,
And to procure an everlaſting name;
And may thy ſacred Aſhes ſmile to ſee
Their vain, their frivolous attempts to rival Mighty Thee.

IV.

O Noble Fortunate old Man!
Tho' thou hadſt ſtill liv'd on
Too *Neſtor*'s Centuries, thou hadſt dy'd too ſoon;
Too ſoon alas! For Heav'n could never be
Or weary, or aſham'd to find freſh toils for Thee:
What wiſer Head, or braver Arm than Thine
Could Heav'n contrive to manage Heav'ns deſign!
And what *Herculean* labour is too hard
For ſuch a mind, ſo well prepar'd!
Ever above the proſpect of Regard,
And that unfaſhionable thing, Reward.
Many have been thy gloomy days,
Yet ever happy haſt thou been;
In every ſtate thou merit'dſt Praiſe,
And thou haſt never wanted it within.
All after fourſcore years, is Grief and Pain,
Thoſe honorably paſs'd thou didſt reſign
Thy Empire over every Heart,
From thine this Scepter never ſhall depart,
But the Succeſſion evermore remain:
'Twas time for thee to dye, and let aſecond ORMOND reign.

V.

How ſhall I mention thy lamented Death,
Thy only blemiſh, thy Mortality!
For 'tis too much diſparagement for thee
To be involv'd in common Deſtiny,
And like inglorious Men give up thy precious breath.
A fiery Chariot ſhould have ſnatcht thee hence,
And all the Hoſt of Heav'n conven'd to ſee
Th' aſſumption of a Godlike Prince

Into th' ineffable Society :
Half way at leaſt, part of th' immaculate Train
With Palms ſhould have attended Thee,
Thy Harbingers to the triumphant Hierarchy,
Then big with wonder mounted up again.
What can the Tongues of Men or Angels ſay?
What *Boänerges* ne'r ſo loud,
If they would ſpeak of thy prodigious Day,
Of which an Emperour's Hiſtory would be proud.
Farewel dread Prince, ----O might it not be ſaid,
Tho' a deſirable Euthanaſie
Prepar'd the way for Deifying thee,
ORMOND like other men muſt die,
For he with a Fatigue of Victory oppreſt
Laid himſelf only down to Reſt.

FINIS.